

第四話

CHAPTER 4:
OUT SEARCHING
FOR ROCKS

探石行





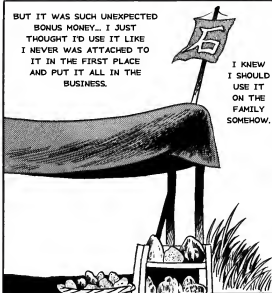


THINGS ARE
SLOW BECAUSE
THERE'S NO
VARIETY HERE.
I'M SURE OF IT.



BUT IT WAS SUCH UNEXPECTED
BONUS MONEY... I JUST
THOUGHT I'D USE IT LIKE
I NEVER WAS ATTACHED TO
IT IN THE FIRST PLACE
AND PUT IT ALL IN THE
BUSINESS.

I KNEW
I SHOULD
USE IT
ON THE
FAMILY
SOMEHOW.



NO ONE'S GOING
FOR JUST THE ROCKS
I'VE COLLECTED
AROUND THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.

IF WE FOUND
ROCKS FROM
SOMEPLACE
ELSE, I THINK
IT MIGHT
ATTRACT
MORE PEOPLE
TO THE
STORE.



YAY! YAY!
LET'S GO!
LET'S GO!

SURE.
I COULD
USE A
BREAK
FROM
HERE.



WE COULD
MAKE A LITTLE
HIKING TRIP
OUT OF IT.



BUT JUST ONE NIGHT
THERE WOULD COST MORE
THAN 30,000 FOR THE
THREE OF US.



THE KAMANASHI RIVER
IN KOSHUU WOULD BE
GOOD. WATERFALLS
PRODUCE THE BEST-
SELLING ROCKS.



SANJO STILL CAN'T
EVEN READ BUT HE'S
LOOKING AT THE
TRAINS, TRYING TO
BE LIKE ME.



DAD.
LET ME
SEE THE
TRAIN
SCHEDULE.

PRETTY
CHEAP
LODGING
IN THE
MOUNTAINS
TOO.

THEY'RE
SUPPOSED
TO HAVE
GOOD ROCKS
THERE.

SO I DECIDED
WE'D TRY THIS
PLACE PAST
HACHIOUJI
CALLED
KATSURAGAWA.

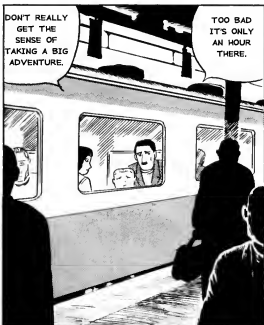


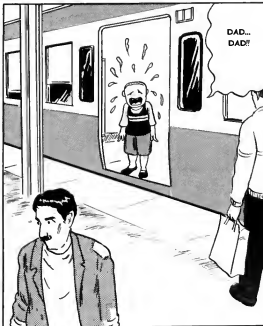
HUM HUM
HUM.

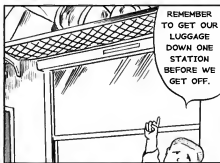
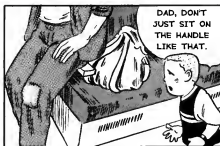
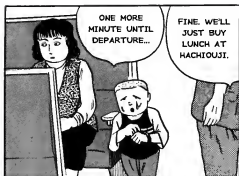


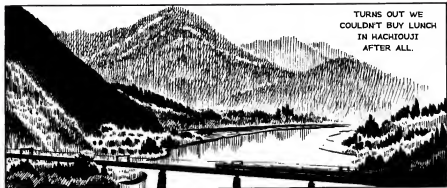
SHE
SEEMS
TO BE
IN A
GOOD
MOOD
TOO.











TURNS OUT WE
COULDN'T BUY LUNCH
IN HACHIOUJI
AFTER ALL.



I'M
HUNGRY,
DAD...

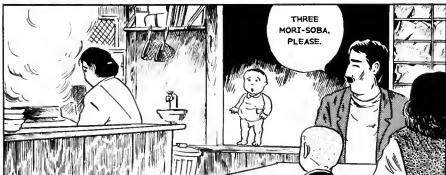
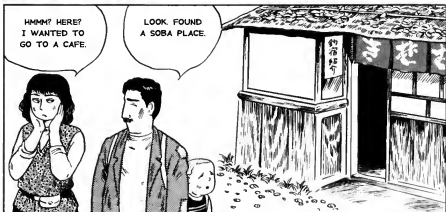
MADE IT
HERE IN
NO TIME.

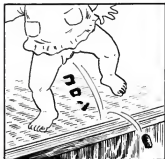
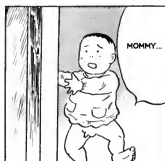


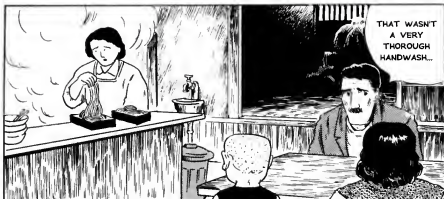
WE'RE IN
THE MIDDLE
OF NOWHERE.

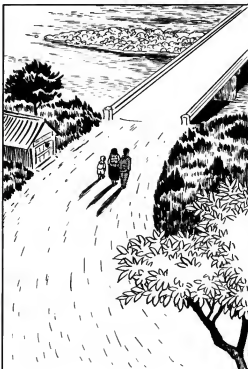
THAT'S THE
STATION THERE
BUT I DON'T
SEE ANYWHERE
TO EAT.

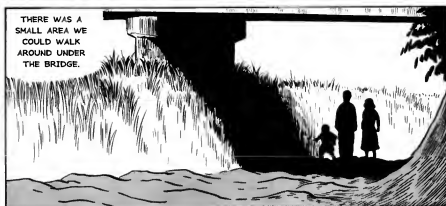
WELL, LET'S
EAT THEN.

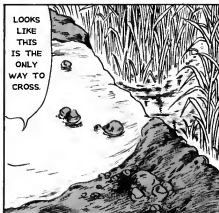


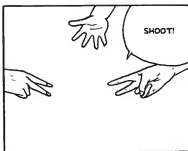


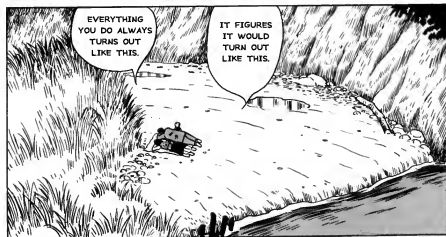
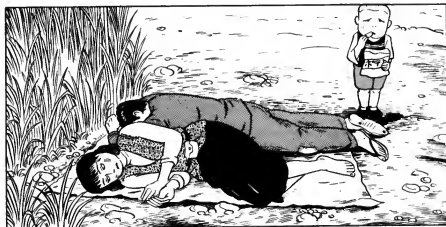
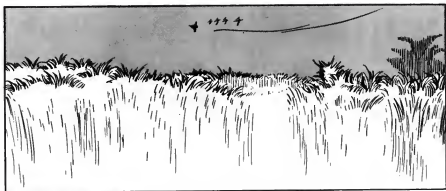




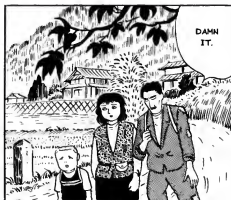




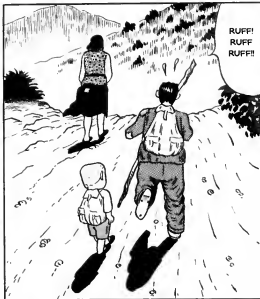


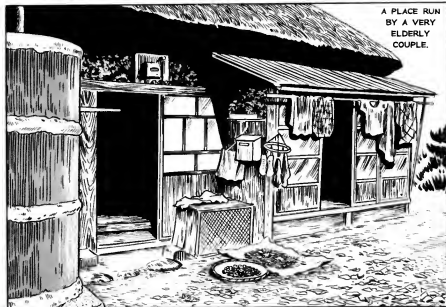
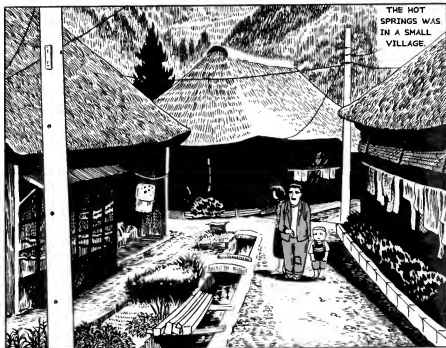


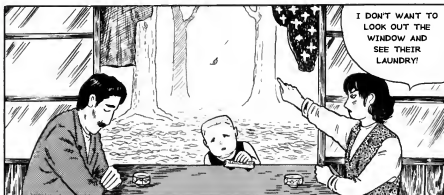
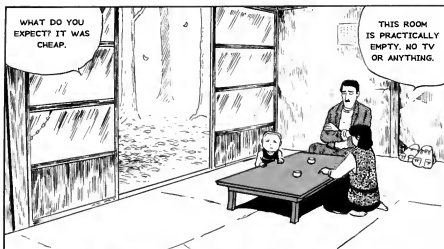




(HE'S BARKING.)



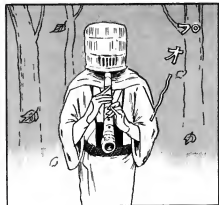






IT'S NOT LIKE
THERE'S
ANYTHING WE
CAN DO
ABOUT IT.

THAT MEAL
WOULD COST
NEXT TO
NOTHING TO
MAKE OUR-
SELVES.

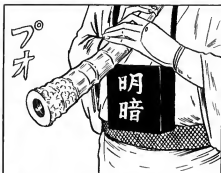
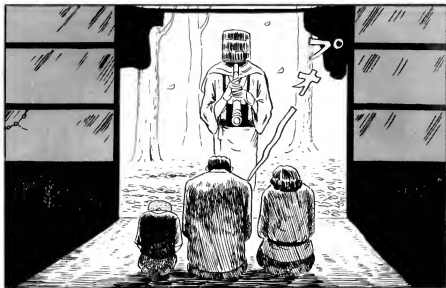
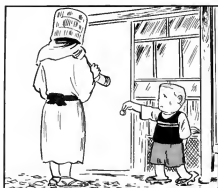


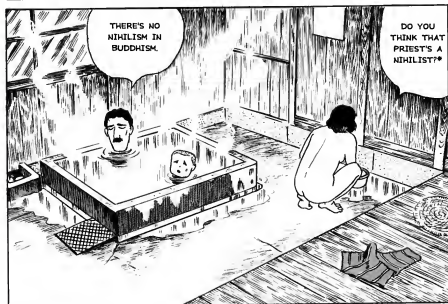
GUESS
SOME OF
THEM STILL
EXIST OUT
HERE.

IT'S ONE
OF THOSE
FUKE SECT
ZEN
PRIESTS.*

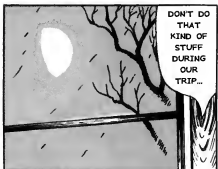
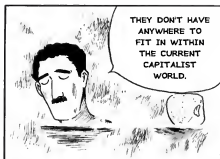


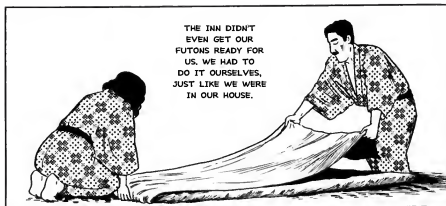
LIKE THE PICTURE, THIS KIND OF ZEN PRIEST WEARS A BASKET





THE PRIESTS OF THE FUKU SECT ARE CALLED "KYOMU PRIESTS",
KYOMU MEANING NOTHING OR, NIHILISM.







THIS LATE
AT NIGHT.

SOUNDS LIKE
SOMETHING'S
HOWLING
OUTSIDE.



...YEAH.



KIND OF
MAKES
YOU
SAD,
HEARING
IT.



JUST THE
THREE
OF US.
IN SOME
OTHER
GALAXY.

IT'S LIKE
WE'VE
BEEN SET
APART
FROM THE
WORLD.



WHAT'S
GOING TO
HAPPEN
TO US?



WHEN YOU
THINK ABOUT
IT, WE DON'T
HAVE ANY
CLOSE FRIENDS.
WE DON'T
HAVE ANY
RELATIVES
TO FALL
BACK ON.

